

# Defending Title Holder Scores Record 70 to Lead

Woodland Star Swings Total of 144 for 36 Holes by Great Finish Under Severe Weather Conditions—Jones Stroke Behind Champion.

By KERR N. PETERSON.

COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 4.—Labor Day dawned with double emphasis for the hard working golfers in the second qualifying round of the national amateur golf championship. A hard Labor Day this was, in fact, a day during which men smoked their pipes upside down and took their shower bath.

A remarkable day it has been for ducks, for the Gloucester fish folk and for close harmony in the locker room. For golf and a field it has been the worst possible qualifying day that the national championship has seen since away back when the first round of the championship was held at Englewood and won by Eben M. Byers. All day long the sacred cod has been flapping its tail and disporting itself as seldom before, and the golfers and ladies have been plunging out into the middle of the links of the country club of Brookline wet as herring in their natural habitat, and coming back to pile the drying rags to the ceiling with saturated rainment.

But was there ever a calamity that did not produce its heroes, those men of superior qualities that have come from the welter of adversity? Some golfers came in actually proud of the fact that they had taken nicties when normally they would look for a better day in the seventies, while others again played probably better than they would have done had the conditions been more according to Hyle.

Some time ago about midday the ample form of the mighty Cyril Tolley was noticed by those on the locker room porch breathing the billows of rain much in the manner of a human dreadnought. Tolley hit a tremendous drive on that eighteenth. It was Tolley's day, a day for the Samsons and Goliaths, the day of the punch. The former British champion laid his approach within five feet of the last cup and then in the rain and the muck dropped to his knees and squinted down the line of his putt, his face close to the ball.

It is a way that Tolley has. A grotesque proceeding it seemed on this particular occasion, but what was the difference? Tolley could not have bettered his record, and he was a sponge. Moving to the other end of that five foot putt Tolley had another look and then he holed the ball for a 3, leaving him with a 74 for the round and 148 for his thirty-six total.

Chick Evans, the former national open and amateur champion, was among those who watched that impressive feat. And it was better than this, pressed in putting it only mildly. The Chicagoan, like every one else, regarded Tolley's play under the conditions as almost unmanly.

But, nevertheless, it is on record that Tolley did not win that medal, not by five strokes. Before the end of this memorable day there had been raised before the British star a barrier, an insuperable barrier of glorious American golf.

Evans, Bobby Jones and Jesse Guilford, all went on knowing that this barrier was not to be broken. Jones, who was playing supremacy in their national championship from going where the championship cup itself went in 1911, was at the Mar-a-Lago resort in Palm Beach, Fla., where he was playing the "They shall not pass." Through the mire, the muck and the misery, working like Trojans and refusing to give in, the three players set out to turn them from their purpose, these three plied driver and iron and putter, battering their way from strength to strength, flung through Evans to the end of the round, and then Jones and Guilford to final and complete success.

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